He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it,
Riu. A vertuous and Chriſtian like conclution,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you :
And for your noble grace and you my Lord.
Qu. Catsby we come, Lords will you goe with vs.
Ri. Maddam we will attend your grace. *Exunt Ma. Glo,*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braul,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuious charge of others :
Clarence, whome I indeede haue laid in darkeneſſe :
I doe beweepe to many ſimple gulls :
Namely to Haſtings, Darby Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother,
Now they beleeue me, and withall wet me
To bee reuenged one *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.
But then ſigh, and with a peece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :
And thus I cloath my naked villany
With old od ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a S. when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardly ſtout reſolued mates,
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed ?
Exe. We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,
When you haue done repaire to Croſby place :
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution :
Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,
For *Clarens* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May mooue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exo. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured :
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, wh
I like you Lads, about your buſine
Enter Clarence Brok
Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſerable n
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly drea
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull m
I would not ſpend another ſuch a ni
Though t'were to by a world of ha
So full of diſmall terrour was the t
Bro. What was your dreame ? I
Cla Me thought I was imbarkt
And in my company my brother G
Who from my cabben tempted me
Vpon the hatches there he lookes
And cited up a thouſand fearefull t
During the warres of *Yorke* and *La*
That had befallen vs : as we paſt al
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hat
Me thought that *Gloceſter* ſtumble
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay h
Into the tumbling billowes of the
Lord, Lord, me thought what pain
What dredfull noyſe of water in m
What a ſight of death within mine
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand feare
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnaw
Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, h
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewel
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and i
Where eyes did once inhabit, ther
As if it twere in ſcorne of eyes, refl
Which wade the ſlimie bottome o
And mokt the dead bones that lay
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in the
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the de
Cla. Me thought I had : for ſtill th
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let
To keepe the empty, vaſt, and wand

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